

Blood Calls to Blood

Blut Von Mir - I

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Summary:

For Patrick, it's always the blood.

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Author's Note:

- Translation into Русский available: [Кровь вызывает к крови](#) by [Anna_Karenina](#)

For Patrick, it's always the blood.

Belch and Vic don't get it, so more and more they've been leaving them behind, only borrowing the Trans Am and dragging them along on occasion. Henry... He gets it a little, but more in that he understands what it does to Patrick than in deriving any specific joy from it himself.

Oh, Patrick enjoys other aspects of the hunt- the screaming, the struggling. The inevitable point where the victim is too scared and tired and hopeless to do much more than choke and gag; sometimes they beg or even piss themselves, and that's always fascinating.

But only and until Patrick sees the blood does he truly come to life, brightening like stagelights around a starlet's vanity mirror. At last, life shines from his typically vacant blue-green eyes: *Honey: Patrick's home!*

Maybe it's because he is aware of this that Henry draws it out for so long. He plays cat and mouse with whomever they've cornered next- giving them ample opportunity to run in the woods surrounding Derry. Sometimes they even get away; usually, however, they don't.

Once they've cornered their newest victim, then Henry takes the time to gloat. He contemplates various 'games' to play with them; what form their punishment will take. That's usually when the begging starts. Promises of money, of sex, of *anything he wants; Henry*, please!

Patrick knows this is Henry's favorite part, and so he lets him have it. He needs to draw this out in the same way that Patrick needs the blood. Butch has reduced Henry himself to a begging, groveling thing so often that Henry needs to bring others to that point again and again until the world has evened out a little.

When Henry takes out the blade, then Patrick really begins to smile. He feels it split his face into two as though just by releasing the catch, Henry's gone and carved a grin on Hockstetter's cheeks. Butch Bowers' knife is a beauty and Henry keeps her razor sharp. It's the appearance of the knife that signals the real fun is about to begin.

By this point, the begging has turned into whimpers and last minute futile bids for escape. Sometimes the victim will run for Patrick, hoping to overbalance his beanpole frame. This is always a mistake.

"Where you going, sweet thing?" Patrick will coo, holding them tight. Even if they do manage to knock him to the ground, he holds on and waits for Henry to spring. What does he care if he gets a few scrapes and bruises in the fall? It's all in good fun. As are the bites and scratches and punches of the really scrappy ones. Determination and bloodlust locks his arms iron tight as he waits them out, giddy and shaking in anticipation.

Today in particular, the cornered prey- a twenty-something they caught on her way home from the junior college on the night bus- is screeching up a storm. Her head had knocked Patrick's in the fall and his teeth must have grazed her face because the first few drops of red travel down her brow and he follows them eagerly, feeling alive and dangerous. He meets Henry's eyes as he runs his tongue down the curve of her cheek, chasing the hot bitterness that runs there. He's breathing hard. The girl makes a noise of panicked disgust as he hardens against her hip.

"Do it, Henry," he rasps. And, both to sweeten the deal and because being ordered around really chaps Henry's hyde, he adds beseechingly, *"please...."*

Patrick becomes fully himself in the next few minutes, or hours, or however long Henry feels like spending on his newest masterpiece. The world fades to just the two of them; Patrick, holding fast to the squealing meat as it gushes and dribbles and twitches against him, unzipped bit by bit, and Henry, gray-blue eyes piercingly focused. Patrick couldn't look away if he tried. Sometimes he fantasizes that it's his own body that Henry is slicing and stabbing into; that makes his hips buck eagerly.

On the days, like today, when Butch has been at him, Henry keeps at it much longer- extracting revenge on another's flesh. Sometimes he repeats his father's words as he carves.

"Nineteen years old and you're still slumming it with your old man," he snarls at this girl now. "No job, no schooling, just a worthless *pup*."

"W-what?" she stammers, but they both ignore her. This has nothing to do with her. And soon she's in no state of mind to be asking anything, to make any more sounds at all.

They drag her to the edge of the woods and drop her wallet- now devoid of cash- next to her. If she's lucky, someone will find her and rush her to the hospital. If not, well. What happens in Derry stays in Derry.

Patrick is on a high, shivering manically and in the best mood he's experienced in weeks. He's practically skipping, even as his teeth chatter and he has to rub his arms for warmth. It's not even cold out; this is just how he gets afterwards.

Henry is more subdued, walking wearily forward like a man who has just shaken a great burden off his shoulders, has just gotten some relief. He snaps at Patrick to knock it off, so the blood-soaked youth falls to a trot at his side.

They're not allowed to get the interior of the Trans Am too messy, so they stop by the creek first and strip down.

"That was so great, Henry," Patrick can't stop babbling. "That piece of her ear- I've never seen you do that before."

Henry smiles, pleased but tired. "Wash your face off," he says. "You look like you fell in a bowl of ketchup."

The mental image makes Patrick's smile widen. "I'd do anything for you to kiss me right now," he says, because he would, and it's the truth. Kissing is fairly useless, but he wants to rub the blood from his face onto Henry's, wants to revel in it with him like the feral animals they are.

Henry's mouth twists in disgust. Patrick is sure he'll tell him to fuck

off, even to just find his own way home, but then seems to reconsider. "Suck my cock?"

That he even asks it feels like a victory hard won. He's fought Patrick every step of the way down this sordid pit. Every time they fooled around- Henry always did want it more than Patrick; sex was nice but blood was better- Henry usually panicked and ended up beating on Patrick a little to feel straight again. Now the consensus was that touching or kissing Patrick was gay- too gay- but receiving gratification from him was akin to masturbation; just another way to unwind.

Patrick didn't particularly care how he justified it in his mind. Henry liked it- couldn't get enough of it, sometimes- but needed a little encouragement to get started.

"Please let me suck your cock, Henry," he whined, sitting on a low, flat rock and letting the water of the creek run over his red-stained high tops. The blood on Henry's hands looked black in the moonlight. He wasn't ashamed- why should he be? Patrick didn't care about much of anything. "I want you to fuck my mouth. I *need* it."

The pavlovian response Henry had to begging- whether for mercy or for a fucking- was so predictable it was almost humorous. Patrick was only stringing together words from pornos stolen from the Bangor adult store on VHS and Henry already had him by the back of the head, grinding the rough zipper that covered his erection against Patrick's face.

"Take it then, bitch," he ordered savagely, and Patrick grinned, making easy work of the button and zip of Henry's dirty jeans. As usual, he went commando, so Patrick buried his nose in the wiry thatch of pubic hair and inhaled sharply.

"Quit bein' weird," Henry mumbled, averting his eyes, but Patrick didn't take it to heart. Henry's erection had only grown harder at the touch of lips to his hip bone. Still, Patrick didn't dare push him very far. He was less easily triggered into defensive mode than he had been in high school, but his thunderous temper could still be unpredictable. Patrick swallowed the length of his cock down his throat in one easy movement.

He'd once been labeled a genius by a new guidance counselor, too green to know not to interact with him. Maybe he was right; maybe he was full of shit. Either way, some things tended to be easy for Patrick, and this was one of them. He hollowed his cheeks, all too vainly aware of how this looked on his fine-boned face, and folded his lanky body down to remain at the right height, long fingers braced on Henry's legs.

Henry didn't make it any easier, of course. He held nothing back, aggressively fucking Patrick's throat with no regard to his companion's well being. Tears formed in Patrick's eyes; clear pearls in his ducts that collected red as they rolled down his cheeks and darkened to scarlet by the time they hit the creek water. His nose ran, too, and he drooled alarmingly. Unbothered by this destruction of the soft tissue lining his throat, Patrick held Henry's hip with one hand and gripped his own cock with the other, stroking himself leisurely. Henry pretended not to notice.

"No teeth, asshole," he snapped at one point, and rolled his eyes when Patrick only smiled in response. That was asking the impossible: Patrick was nothing without his Cheshire cat beam. He was *all* teeth.

He came quickly enough. The taste of cum wasn't particularly appealing, but it was Henry, so Patrick swallowed. Then he daringly rested his forehead against Henry's hip as he changed angles and brought himself off, trailing his lips over Henry's stomach and coming hard in his own fist.

He half expected to be punched for that- for forcing Henry to participate in something so unquestionably gay as playing a roll in another man's orgasm. Henry must have been in a strange mood, though, as he only continued to watch the man some might call his friend.

"You still gonna kiss me?" Patrick asked, knowing he was pushing his luck. Tonight seemed like a luck-pushing night.

"Rinse your mouth out," Henry ordered, which was neither a yes nor a no, but Patrick did it anyway, bringing a palmful of creek water to his mouth, sloshing it around between his teeth, and spitting again. The sound of night insects and nocturnal birds had grown almost

unbearably loud. The mosquitoes were starting to bite.

Patrick wasn't thinking of any of this, though, when Henry seized him by the throat- he had to quickly climb to his feet to avoid choking- and kissed him solidly on the mouth. His heart rocketed- this was almost as good as a knife breaking skin, almost as dangerous as setting buildings on fire. He kissed back with lips and tongue, but didn't dare wrap Henry in his arms like he longed to do. He kept his arms by his side.

Someday, though. Someday he'd kiss *and* hold Henry. He was such a greedy thing. Being told he couldn't have something only strengthened his resolve to make it happen, one way or another.

He moaned aloud as Henry bit hard on his lip, and it made Henry shiver. Good; he *knew* Henry got off on him, too, no matter how much he insisted it was only physical, only natural for a cock to enjoy being sucked or tugged regardless of the gender of the mouth or hands doing it. Henry wanted *Patrick*, and someday Patrick would make him admit it. He did so love a challenge.

He treasured the extra seconds of Henry's closeness as they both caught their breath, sharing air with their lips mere centimeters apart, both wanting to bridge the gap again.

Then Henry turned away. "Get in the car, you freak," he sighed, sounding tired once more. "It stinks out here. Someday someone's gonna kick your ass for being such a goddamn queer."

Patrick beamed. "No, they won't. You don't let people touch what's yours."

Henry blinked at him, caught off guard. Then- "No. I don't. I won't."

The possessive hint to his voice gave Patrick the warm fuzzies, alright. All in all it'd been a spectacular evening. And whether or not Henry would admit it, Patrick knew he had him caught in the palm of his hand. If Henry was stupid enough to think anyone could contain Patrick Hockstetter, then, well. It really only was his own fault he was so easy to lure along.

Author's Note:

Translated to Russian [here](#).